

The Jolly Crispin's GARLAND.



TWO princely brethren once there
were,
Right sons unto a king,
Whose father tyrant Maximian
To cruel death did bring;
Crispianus one was called,
The eldest of the two,
Crispin was the other's name,
Who well had learn'd to woo.
These brethren then were forced
From father's house to fly,
Because their foes to take their lives
In privy wait did lie,

Into a kind shoemaker's house
They suddenly stept in,
And there to learn the gentle craft
They presently did begin.

And five years space they lived so,
With great content of mind,
So that the tyrant could not tell,
Where then he should them find,
Tho' every day to court they came,
With shoes for ladies feet,
They were not known by their attire,
They used themselves so sweet.

At length unto the furious wars
Was Crispianus prest;
Whereas his knightly prowess then
he try'd above the rest.

But Crispin found him better sport,
Would I had Crispin been,
The king's fair daughter lov'd him well,
As it was after seen.

The length of this fair lady's foot
So well did Crispin know,
That none but he could please her,
Mind the certain truth is so.

Come he by night, come he by day,
He was most welcome still;

With kisses sweet she did him pay,
And thanks for his good will.

So oft these lovers twain did meet,
By day and eke by night,
That at the last the lady said,
She should be shamed quite,

What was the matter, tell me true,
That this her sorrow bred?
Her shoemaker most daintily
Had got her Maidenhead.

But at the length so wisely wrought
As doth the story tell,
Her father's right good will he got,
And every thing was well.

And Crispianus came again
From wars victoriously.

*Then Shoemakers make Holiday,
Therefore so will I.*

*And now for Crispianus' sake
This wine I drink to thee;
And he that doth mistake his mark,
And will not now pledge me,*

*He is not Crispianus' friend,
Or worthy will I wot,
To have a lady to his love,
As Crispin he hath got.*